



IN LOVING MEMORY

Daniel Ray Taylor

JULY 1, 1947 - MAY 30, 2025

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Funeral Service

11 a.m., Tuesday, June 3, 2025

Sea Level Missionary Baptist Church, Sea Level, NC

Prelude	Mrs. Leslee Fulcher
Hymn, "When We All Get to Heaven"	Congregation
Welcome and Prayer	Rev. Terry D. McInnis
Scripture, Psalm 23	Rev. Terry D. McInnis
The Lord's Prayer	
Special Music, "The Lighthouse"	Becky Styron, Richard Davis
Scripture, John 14:1-7; John 13:34; Revelation 21:1-7; Romans 12:18	
Message	Rev. Terry D. McInnis
Special Music, "The Anchor Holds"	Becky Styron, Richard Davis
Closing Prayer	Rev. Terry D. McInnis

The service will conclude at Nelson Bay Cemetery

Please turn on bright lights and hazards in procession.

Pallbearers

Charles M. Fuchs Kenny Lewis Keith Moore
Casey Tosto Arnold Wade Roland Willis

Honorary Pallbearers

Scott Goodwin Justin Kimrey Wally Kimrey
Tom Mann Ty Mason Mark Piner James Willis

Daniel Ray Taylor, 77, of Atlantic, NC, went home to be with the Lord on Friday, May 30, 2025, at Carteret Health Care surrounded by his loved ones.

Danny was born July 1, 1947, at Morehead Hospital as a twin son to Milton and Mariam Taylor. He was a graduate of Atlantic High School before enlisting in the United States Navy followed by the United States Coast Guard serving in Savannah Georgia, Cape Lookout and Fort Macon. Upon finishing his military career, he went to work at the Naval Aviation Repair Facility (NARF) known today as Fleet Readiness Center East onboard MCAS Cherry Point and retired in 1998. As if he hadn't worked enough, upon his retirement he went to work with various contractors at Atlantic Outlying Field before finally retiring for good to look after his grandson Mason Lee Taylor.

Danny was a jack of all trades and a master of every one of them. He could make knives with deer antler handles, pour belt buckles, woodwork, carve decoys, reload bullets and fix anything that needed repairing, genealogy, and war history. He was an avid hunter and marksman and enjoyed hunting with both his sons, grandsons and granddaughter.

Danny was a dedicated member of Crissie Wright Lodge #741 in Smyrna NC. He was a well-known jokester and never missed an opportunity to untie an apron or double knot it behind your back. When a fundraiser was being held you could count on him to be there to help or at least tell you what needed to be done. Danny was also a member of Sea Level Missionary Church and wanted to spend his final hours affirming his faith in Jesus Christ. He was a member of the VFW and American Legion and enjoyed his friends at the local meetings.

Those left to carry on his memory are his wife, Hazel of the home, daughter Gail Brooks of Harkers Island, son Stephen Taylor (Cara), daughter Sarah Block (Oliver), and son Charles Taylor (Amy), all of Atlantic. He is also survived by grandchildren, Rebecca Mann (Chad), Stephen Ryan Taylor, Caitlyn Taylor, Jacob Rodriguez, Landon Taylor, Danny Rodriguez, Mason Taylor, Taylor Rodriguez and Logan Taylor; step grandchildren, Grayson Block, Chandler Block and Ivey Block; 8 great grandchildren, Hunter, Jaxon, Aiden, Boden, Riley, Ellie, Harley and Avery; and brother Sammy Taylor (Luann).

Preceding him in death were his parents, Milton and Mariam Taylor, son-in-law Pepe Rodriguez, sister Shirley Fuchs, brother-in-law Charlie Fuchs, grandson David Brooks, and great granddaughter Hilary Brooks.

On behalf of the family, they would like to extend their deepest appreciation to the employees and Nurses at Carteret Health Care especially Taylor Brown, Emileigh Salter, Lucas Bonvillan, his VA group, and special caregiver Kimmie Willis.

Flowers are welcome, or donations can be made in memory of Danny Taylor to Crissie Wright Lodge #741 or Sea Level Missionary Baptist Church.

ARRANGEMENTS BY MUNDEN FUNERAL HOME, MOREHEAD CITY, NC

Crossing the Bar

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have cross'd the bar.



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